

**CHARIVARIA.**

An Official Report, just issued, states that the Irish and other Celtic races are more liable to lunacy than other peoples. Mr. JOHN REDMOND, however, is of the opinion that there is nothing to choose in this respect between the Irish and the English, and is confident that the present Government will grant his country complete Home Rule.

"A Clergyman in Armour" was the sensational headline which caught our eye in a newspaper last week, and we were relieved to find that it did not refer to another Potted Meat Scandal.

A contemporary, in its report of Mr. STANSFIELD's speech at the Sanitary Inspectors' Conference, made that gentleman say that by the year 1950 our average height would have increased by  $10\frac{1}{4}$  inches. It now transpires that the figure should have been  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches. We thought at the time that the journal in question was pulling our legs.

The real meaning of Mr. HALDANE'S reduction of our army is now becoming apparent. He has realised the importance of speedy mobilisation; and the fewer the troops the easier they are to push about.

A correspondent writes, suggesting that the franchise shall be granted to all women who declare their ages to be over thirty. Such a measure, he says, could do no harm, as it would be found that only a handful of women would have the necessary qualification.

Miss EDNA MAY has severed her connection with the *Belle of Mayfair* owing to the fact that, although she was paid a higher salary than Miss CAMILLE CLIFFORD, that lady's name appeared in larger type on the sandwich boards. But could not the injustice have been rectified by a reduction of Miss MAY's salary?

Paris, it is stated, is to have its boy-messengers. A *Société des Petits Messagers* is in process of formation. It is rumoured that, with a poetic fancy characteristic of our neighbours, a number of the lads will be clothed as Cupid, and employed solely for the conveyance of love-letters.

A playwright who was also one of the leaders of a gang of coiners has recently been arrested in Paris. This only confirms our suspicions as to the increasing difficulty of making money in literary circles.

In a West-end hatter's window, according to *The Daily Express*, there is

**DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.**

SCENE.—A station on the Highland Railway.

*Imitation Highlander* (with quantity of gun cases, &c.). "LOOK HERE, I SAY—DASH IT ALL—JUST STAND A LITTLE FARTHER OFF, WILL YOU. PEOPLE MIGHT THINK THAT ANIMAL BELONGED TO ME, DON'TCHERKNOW!"

now being displayed a new motoring cap named The Algernon Ashton. The connection between motor-cars and tombstones has, of course, always been pretty close.

"Whether the bear was too strong for the cage, or the cage too weak for the bear, may be a subject for investigation."—*Daily Mail*.

Mr. Punch guesses the answer: *They both were*. But it looks so easy that he thinks there may be a catch somewhere.

NEW NAME FOR MISS EDNA MAY.—Miss Edna Won't.

**The Great Motor Mystery.**

At Lancaster two motorists were fined, according to *The Manchester Evening News*, "for driving a motor-car over a trap near Carnforth, at twenty-nine and thirty-four miles per hour respectively." We are of the opinion that the action of the second gentleman in driving at so high a speed over the poor trap when it was already down was not quite in accordance with the best traditions of English sport.

TRUTH will out, even in a misprint: "The motor-car has come to stay."

### THE GILT-EDGED BONDMAN.

I HAVE always been convinced that Mr. CAINE is on the side of the angels, but I believe he would be still more useful to them if he spread his unction with a smaller trowel and painted virtues less appallingly heroic. The effect of his method is to repel one from the path of sacrifice. Clear in the limelight I see the immensely better course, and approve it; and then in sheer discouragement I go out and pursue the much, much worse.

If Mr. CAINE would only make as simple demands of my soul as he makes of my intelligence! Intellectually I have no difficulty in following him:

I experience no strain of the mental organs; his characterisation is never too subtle for me, never too analytic. Mr. CAINE's target is the broad bosom of the average British god; and every time he hits it plumb. Yet, for all the transparency of its purpose, his new play contains several obscurities, and one statement so unreasonable that the mind revolted against it and all its issue. *Michael*, the Manxman, betrothed to *Greeba* (not of *Greeba Castle*), sails to Sicily to repair the wrong done by his late father to a Sicilian woman and the son she bore him. In *Michael's* absence that son (*Jason*) arrives at the Isle of Man on a counter-mission of revenge, is kindly entreated, and remains for three years as a servant on *Greeba's* farm. Meanwhile there has been no letter from *Michael*. What with revolutions and one thing and another, he has been too distracted to write; but now, at the end of three years, he finds himself President of Sicily, with leisure for correspondence, and sends a note to *Greeba* inviting her to come out and be married to him. This letter reaches her at the moment when, in pardonable doubt of *Michael's* fidelity, she has yielded to *Jason's* importunity and consented to marry him instead. She now, very properly, cancels this second engagement in favour of the original. *Jason* resents this, and at once resumes his discarded scheme of revenge, saying in a clear and bell-like voice, and with a large oath, "First he robbed me of my birthright and now he robs me of my wife!"

Now I do not blame him for being chagrined, but I do protest against the unreasonableness of this second statement; for, if a robbery had been done,

he was clearly, in intention, the robber himself. *Jason* subsequently performs many heroic acts of reparation, including the saving of *Michael's* life in various tight corners; but after this preposterous argument one was tempted to regard his actions, noble and base alike, as those of an irresponsible imbecile. This view was encouraged by a burst of maniacal laughter to which he gave vent on being arrested as a spy. I could find no rational ground for this bitter hilarity. He had been introduced by a spy into the service of the President, and their common object was that gentleman's murder. Yet on being arrested as a spy he laughed ironically,

all callow really; they seemed to know quite as much as most fully-fledged chickens.

As long as the scene was laid in Mona things were fairly realisable as belonging to a human order of things; but when *Jason* went argonauting off to Sicily it was no longer the Isle of Man, but the Isle of Devil and Saint, with scarcely anything in between. *Jason*, possibly feeling "the call of the blood," was first one and then the other. As my neighbour put it, he was like a Stilton cheese, growing better and better with keeping. The sulphur mine, which was his Purgatorio, was not near so terrible as I had been given to hope.

It was open to the sky, like the charming quarries at Syracuse; and the fumes, which the audience was invited to share, just as when Mr. PINERO "brought the scent of the hay across the footlights," were far less offensive than what you breathe on a pleasure excursion to the crater of Vesuvius.

Mr. FRANK COOPER, an actor after Mr. CAINE's own heart, was superbly in his element as *Jason*. The same cannot be said of Mr. AINSLEY in the rather anaemic part of *Michael*; but this only makes his performance the more creditable. Mr. MELFORD was all that a drunken priest should be, and he was as good as ever even after his regeneration. As for Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, simply to watch her face and hands and to hear her voice was amends for the rest; yet how pathetic a thing it was to see her trying to live down to the part of *Greeba*, and politely tolerating the *Fairbrother ménage*. What had this pale, sensitive creature in common, one asked, with yonder rudely healthy dairymaid milking a live cow in the middle of the road? with these uproarious harvest-homers? with these farmer-children, almost insufferably gay, who bounded about the place intoxicated with their own innocence, or prattled comic prayers at her knee? One felt how much she would have given for just one glimpse of *Pelléas*, one touch of Ibsenian *finesse*, one symbol out of SUDERMANN.

With regard to her gowns, in the early scenes they gave a note of Parisian urbanity to her bovine surroundings. Later, she had no difficulty in assuming, at a moment's notice, a more elaborate confection, proper to the wife of a high Sicilian official. As a marine deserter Mr. COOPER was picturesquely dressed; but,



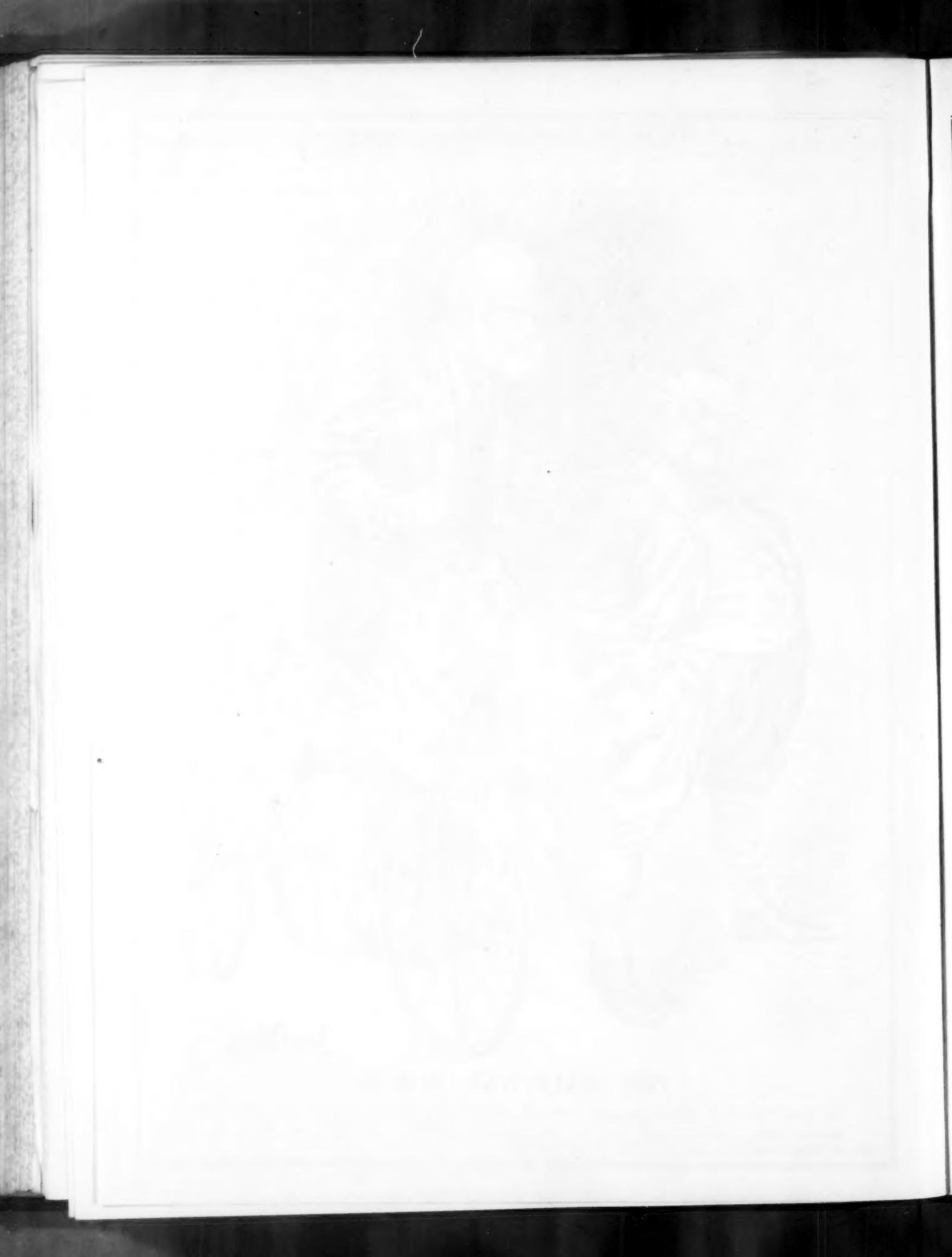
HALF-BROTHERS IN ADVERSITY.

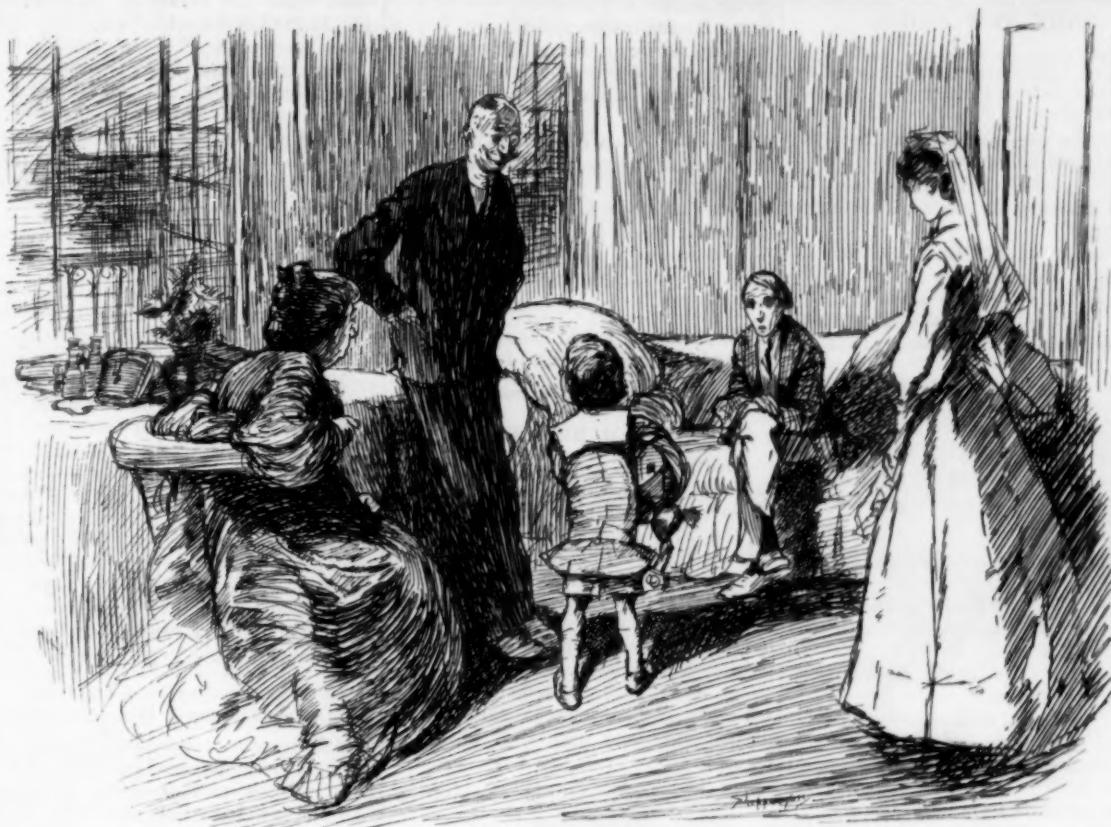
*Michael . . . Mr. Henry Ainley.  
Jason . . . Mr. Frank Cooper.*



### THE HALF-WAY HORSE.

*Mr. Bryce.* "HERE'S A GIFT-HORSE FOR YOU, MY BOY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?"  
*Master Johnny Redmond.* "BAD CESS TO YE, UNCLE SHAMUS! I'LL NOT SO MUCH AS LOOK IT IN THE MOUTH. I HATE THE SIGHT OF IT!"





### WILLING TO OBLIGE.

*Uncle (to Little Bertie, aged five, who is being taken off to bed). "GOOD NIGHT, BERTIE. OF COURSE YOU ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR AUNTS AND UNCLES IN YOUR PRAYERS?"*

*Bertie. "OH YES, UNCLE FELIX. SHALL I TELL YOU WHAT I SAY? I SAY, 'GOD BLESS AUNTY KITTY, AND MAKE HER THIS; AND GOD BLESS UNCLE JAMES, AND MAKE HIM FAT; AND GOD BLESS UNCLE FELIX, AND ——' WHICH DO YOU WANT TO BE—FAT OR THIN?"*

as a convict, his regulation shoddy (so different from the other *Jason's* Golden Fleece) gave him no chance; and his subsequent costume, that of a cyclist as far as I could place it, was without distinction. Mr. AINLEY was not happily suited either with his tawny wig or his Manxman's clothes: but the costume of a successful Sicilian revolutionist went extraordinarily well with his lithe figure.

Between Mr. HENRY NEVILLE's yeoman garb and his sterling moral platitudes there was a pleasant harmony; but the Leander hat of the small boy *Danny* struck me as rather precocious. Finally, *Grandfather* (sublimely played by Mr. LIONEL BROUCH) was very smart in a rakish reefer suit, which lent an air of great jauntiness to this cheery old dotard.

O. S.

#### Ships that pass in the train.

"His MAJESTY's cruiser *Gladiator* has left Madrid for Gibraltar and England." From "Service Intelligence" in *The Evening Standard*.

#### STAGE ACTUALITIES.

The introduction of real cows (*not* by CLARKSON) and a genuine working milkmaid on the stage at Drury Lane has, as might have been expected, led other managements to bestir themselves.

At the Aldwych Theatre next Friday Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, who spares no pains to keep abreast of the times, will introduce real pink snakes into the drunken scene of *The Beauty of Bath*.

A real polar-bear is about to join the cast of *The Winter's Tale* at His Majesty's Theatre.

The property crocodile in *Amasis* has, we understand, been replaced by a genuine saurian, kindly lent by the Zoological Gardens. Owing to the mysterious disappearance of Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, the part of *Pharaoh* is now (at the time of writing) played by an understudy. The veteran comedian was last seen talking to the crocodile in its dressing-room; and it is significant that the reptile refused an invitation to sup at the Carlton that night.

To give further realism to *The Man from Blankley's*, a genuine native of Baywater will be added to the guests.

*Bedford*, the detective in *Raffles*, will, after Tuesday next, be assisted in his hunt for the Amateur Cracksman by a quartette of brindled bloodhounds. We hear, from one who has witnessed a rehearsal, that the scene at the Albany, when *Bedford* calls, is impressive to a degree; and that Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER has opened negotiations with the Rev. E. THORNE, of Peckham, for the loan of his suit of mail. As our readers are aware, the part of "Bunny" is now played by a real rabbit.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES promises a real plot in his next musical comedy.

THE South African Football Team, if their minds are as agile as their bodies, should trace a happy omen in the following passage from *The Daily Telegraph*:

"Furthermore, the teams playing away from home again enjoyed as much success as those competing on their opponents' ground."

## THE NEW CHILD.

[Recent pedagogic literature and science appear to suggest that the child is not the simple and innocent creature that it was once supposed to be.]

DAME SCIENCE happened to cast her eye On a little child as it toddled by.  
"Aha!" cried she, "I'd like to see What this may be made of. It's new to me."

My sister, SENTIMENT, loves to cling To sugary fantasies, poor fond thing! She never fails to tell me tales Of the clouds of glory the infant trails, And the wonderful whiteness which you find

In the spotless snow of the baby mind. But I have my doubts of the brat—at least

I'd like to study the little beast, And to analyse those clouds of glory— No doubt they are merely some old wife's story."

She caught up the bantling and called a cab, And drove it away to her up-to-date lab. She tested its strength in health and sickness, She measured its length and breadth and thickness,

Its eyes, its nose,

Its fingers and toes,

Its thoughts and passions, its joys and woes;

She reckoned its tears in decilitres, And the length of its smiles in millimetres;

She calculated in parts of a gramme

The extra strain

On each vein

Of the brain

When the youngster formed the concept jam;

And when she had thoroughly mastered the brat

With a formula pat

For this and that,

When she'd studied each bit from sole to crown

Both right side up and upside down, And outside in and inside out, And through and through and round about;

And when she had measured precisely what

The babe could do and the babe could not,

Its powers of attention,

Invention,

Perception,

And anything else you might happen to mention,

She wrote a long and a learned tract, "The Child as a Scientific Fact."

"The child," she said, "henceforth must rank

With protoplasm. Its mind is blank. It cannot concatenate chains of thought

Or ratiocinate as it ought. Nor is its non-intellectuality Made up for by anything like morality. It loves excess in its food and drink, And its 'little white soul'—as we used to think— As a matter of fact is black as ink. It is blind in passion and cruel in sport, Pugnacious, given to lies—in short, An amalgam of envy and hatred and malice is Found to result from a searching analysis."

To be as a child would not appear So hard a task as I used to fear.

## ÆQUAM MEMENTO.

FOLLOWING upon the escape of a pet bear in the neighbourhood of King's Cross Station, and the ineffective attempts of the panic-stricken populace to recapture it, a well-known naturalist has published some advice both as to how wild beasts should be packed for transit and also as to the quiet manner which it is well to assume upon unexpectedly meeting a wild beast. For one or two situations, which seem to us to be treated with scarcely sufficient detail, the following additional hints will be found useful:

## ON MEETING A RHINOCEROS WALKING IN PALL MALL.

If the animal should be approaching along the pavement, you should begin by crossing, though without any undue confusion, to the other side of the street. When there, try to look as if nothing unusual had occurred, or rather, though this is a little more difficult, to look as if nothing unusual were likely to occur. Stare, with an assumption of interest, at the Crimean monument or examine a shop-window. Twirl your umbrella carelessly, at the same time studiously avoiding any suggestion of menace. It is unnecessary to salute the rhinoceros by taking off your hat to it as it passes, if it does pass. Once out of earshot you may direct the attention of the nearest policeman to the occurrence, and leave him to deal with it.

## ON ENCOUNTERING AN ALLIGATOR IN THE CLUB SMOKING-ROOM.

This is a position requiring more delicate handling, especially if, as may happen, the alligator is sitting upon the evening paper which you wish to read. However, do your best, and let your manner be as natural as possible. It will be useless to observe that you thought there was a rule about strangers waiting in the hall, or to remark pointedly that the club was far more

select when you joined it. Sarcasm of this kind will be quite wasted. The best thing to do is merely to light a cigarette and ring for a lemon-squash. After a decent interval it will be possible for you, without wounding the alligator's feelings, to retire to the card-room. A complaint might at some later period be inserted in the book kept for that purpose.

## ON FINDING A BENGAL TIGER IN THE STALLS OF A THEATRE.

Your conduct must depend to some extent on whether you are alone or accompanied by a party of ladies. In either case an unruffled courtesy will probably be your safest course. Some humorous observation, to the effect, for instance, that you did not know you had come to the Hippodrome, might be attempted, but you should be guided in this by the mood in which the tiger appears to be. If the play is a dull one and the tiger shows signs of being bored, seize a chance of slipping out between the acts. We think you would be justified after the performance in preferring a charge of carelessness against the management.

## ON BEING SHUT UP IN A FIRST-CLASS COMPARTMENT WITH A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

Make some polite enquiry as to whether the boa-constrictor would prefer to travel with its back to the engine, or would like the windows half up. Offer it a newspaper, *The Spectator* for choice, and conceal your surprise if it swallows it. These civilities completed, we think you should in fairness to the railway company furtively summon the ticket-examiner. If the boa-constrictor has only got a third-class ticket and refuses to pay excess, you should as a matter of principle insist upon its removal to another compartment.

## ON DETECTING A PUMA UNDER YOUR CHAIR AT A POPULAR RESTAURANT.

Here again we think some remonstrance with the waiter would be justified by circumstances, and could hardly offend the puma. Explain that you wish to deposit your hat under the chair. Point out that, with evening shoes and socks on, it is impossible to do yourself justice as a conversationalist while the puma remains under the chair. The least that the waiter can do is to give your party another table. Avoid, of course, any disturbance, but quietly insist upon so reasonable a request being conceded.

NOTE.—In sending a Leopard as a present to your aunt, it is absurd to put it in a bandbox on the top of a hansom cab, and instruct the butler to drive down to Blackheath with it, though this is better, perhaps, than going yourself.

## LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

## THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

I.

*Miss Bristow to her niece, Miss Grace Bristow.*

MY DEAR GRACIE.—Your Aunt SOPHIE and I have been thinking so much of late about your brave resolve to earn a little money for yourself and be independent of your dear father, who has burdens enough on his purse, Heaven knows! We have not heard what you have decided to do, but have grave doubts as to the lasting lucrativeness of poker work, unless done on a very large scale. And book-binding, we understand, needs a long and rather expensive apprenticeship. Sweet-pea growing, I read somewhere recently, can be profitable, but that needs not only knowledge but land, and I doubt if your father could spare you that; and I believe all the glebe is let. Poor man, he will soon need all the rent the glebe brings in if these terrible Radicals have their own way much longer, with their dreadful views about the Church. But what I wanted to tell you was that your aunt, when at a garden party at the Hall yesterday, met a very attractive girl who had already received three guineas in prizes from *The Westminster Gazette*, and is quite confident of making much more. I doubt if you ever see the *Westminster Gazette*, which is certainly not your dear father's colour at all, but it is in other ways quite a nice paper, and really tries to be fair, I think, even if it fails. We see it whenever your uncle comes here, as he always brings it with him. It seems that every Saturday there is a prize competition, with quite good prizes, for literary people, and you were always so clever with your pen. Your aunt says that the one for next week is quite easy—to write a poem of four lines, the first two lines of which end with the words "editor" and "coastguard." The prize is a guinea. Surely you could do that. I will write for a *Westminster Gazette* and send it to you as soon as it comes, with all the particulars. With love.

I am your affectionate AUNT META.

II.

*Miss Grace Bristow to her aunt,  
Miss Bristow.*

DEAR AUNT META.—How very good of you—just when I was getting so desperate, too! Of course I will try—in fact I have tried already, but it is not as easy as you think, because there are so few rhymes to either of the words. JACK is going to try to get me a cheap copy of a rhyming dictionary when he goes



## 'ARRY ABROAD.

*Guide. "MONSIEUR FINDS EET A VAIRY EENTERESTING OLD PLACE, EES EET NOT?"  
'Arry (who will speak French). "PAR DEMI!"*

to town to-morrow, and I am writing to Uncle BASIL to help me too. Mr. RAINEY SPONG is also interesting himself in it. As he nearly won the Newdigate and is just bringing out a volume of poetry he ought to be very useful. We have been having some ripping tennis this summer. Much love. Your loving, GRACIE.

III.

*Miss Grace Bristow to her uncle, Basil Heriot, All Souls' College, Oxford.  
MY DEAR UNCLE BASIL,—You are so*

very clever, will you help me with a piece of literary work that I have on hand? I am trying to write a poem the third line of which must rhyme to "editor" and the fourth line to "coastguard." If I do it better than anyone else I shall earn a guinea, and that is a good deal in these hard times, especially as I want a new driver, and a brassie too. Please write by return of post if you can.

Your loving niece,  
GRACE.

## IV.

*Basil Heriot to his niece Grace Bristow.*

MY DEAR NIECE.—I fear you have applied to the wrong source, nor even if I had any of the mastery of *bouts rimes* with which you are kind enough to credit me should I care to waste any time on such frivolity just now, when all my strength is needed for the completion of the tenth volume of my commentary, and even this letter to you is making sad inroads on the day's routine. I gather from your hurried note that you are competing for some newspaper prize. If you must do such things I wish you would make an effort to win one of *The Westminster's* guerdons offered for skill in transliterating from the English into Greek. That would be worth doing; but possibly you, with your unfortunate addiction to manly pursuits, are of a different opinion. I wish you would try to be more like your aunt FRIDESWIDE, who had written an essay on the *Chanson de Roland* before she was your age and still knows nothing of golf. If ever I can help you in a more serious and worthy difficulty I shall be glad to make the time; but before you propound your queries I hope you will be quite sure in your mind that it is I, and I only, that can answer them.

Your affectionate uncle,  
BASIL HERIOT.

## V.

*Miss Grace Bristow to her aunt,  
Miss Bristow.*

DEAR AUNT META.—I am not having such an easy time as you expected, and I am beginning to believe in the saying that nothing good is ever done except by hard work. JACK could not get a rhyming dictionary second-hand, and it seemed absurd to spend much on a new one, and the stupid boy hadn't the sense just to turn to those two words in the shop. Uncle BASIL, too, was not very helpful. He seems to think that light poetry is hardly worth writing in English at all. As for poor MR. RAINESY-SONG, I happened to mention to father that we were composing a poem in collaboration, and he was furious, and said he did not pay curates for that, and made him visit all kinds of old frumps as a punishment. But I think it will be all right.

Your loving GRACIE.

## VI.

*The Rev. Athol Rainey-Spong to Miss Grace Bristow.*

DEAR MISS GRACIE.—I am sending you by GIBBINGS's boy the fruits of my industry. I wish it could have been more

worthy, but I have had an unexpected number of small duties to perform during the past two days.

Yours most sincerely, A. R.-S.

## VII.

*Miss Grace Bristow to her aunt,  
Miss Bristow.*

DEAR AUNT META.—Here it is. Will you please send it in for me so as to save time. Your loving niece,

GRACIE.

P.S.—I have already spent half the money on a perfectly adorable puppy—an Aberdeen, quite pure.

## VIII.

*Miss Bristow to her niece, Miss Grace Bristow.*

MY VERY DEAR GRACIE.—I have such sad news for you. *The Westminster Gazette*, which was delayed in the post, has only just come, and I find, to my great disappointment, that there were certain very restricting and, I think, very unfair conditions to that competition. The rules say that neither "creditor" nor "post-card" may be used; and this, I fear, disqualifies your really very excellent poem, which therefore I return. I am so very sorry to have raised your hopes so groundlessly.

Your affectionate Aunt META.

P.S.—I hope you will be able to induce the people to take back the dear little doggie.

## IX.

*The Rev. Athol Rainey-Spong to Messrs. Peter & Co., publishers.*

DEAR SIRS.—I enclose one more trifle which I should like printed at the end of the book, in the section entitled "*L'eriore plectro*."

## IMPROPTU.

*Written at the request of a young lady who supplied the author with the terminal words of the first two lines and challenged him to complete the quatrain.*

Station is naught. This man's a brilliant editor,  
And that a simple, plain, unlettered coast-gard;  
Yet this one's life's made sad by many a creditor,  
While that one beams at bat a picture post-card.

Believe me, yours faithfully,  
ATHOL RAINESY-SONG.

## Horrible Sacrifice to Art.

"The Berlin sculptor, Herr von MECHTRIZ, has received a commission to carve a monument to HEINRICH HEINE from the wife of one of the best known and wealthiest Berlin merchants."—*Daily Mail*.

## WAKE UP, LONDON!

[It is understood that, two or three months ago, Messrs. GILBERT and CECIL CHESTERTON started the Anti-Puritan League, to oppose dull respectability and bring mirth and movement into London life. Up to now they have held a meeting and written several letters to the newspapers.]

G. K. C., when do you think

You will give us those surprising  
Festivals of Dance and Drink  
Which I see you advertising?

When will you begin to wear  
Giddy garlands of symbolic  
Vine leaves in your curly hair?

When do you propose to frolic?  
Lead us, in a mirthful measure,

To that miracle of joy  
People call a Life of Pleasure?

It is not enough to send  
Letters to the daily papers.

Fling yourself about, my friend!  
Cut disreputable capers!

When some months ago I read  
In the Press that you intended  
Waking London up, I said,  
"This is absolutely splendid!"

I was half inclined to write  
In a burst of exultation  
To inform you that you might  
Count on my co-operation.

Eagerly, with mind inflamed  
By your overtures, I reckoned

We would soon excel the famed  
Giddiness of CHARLES THE SECOND.

I could close my eyes and see,  
In a glad, prophetic vision,  
Dull respectability

Hailed with popular derision.  
But as yet no pagan larks

Have been vigorously started  
In the County Council parks.  
And I feel a bit down-hearted.

So permit me to remind  
You again that I am waiting  
For the Rowdy Life, and find  
Hope deferred exasperating.

Therefore, if you mean to go  
In for ostentatious sinning,  
Will you kindly let me know  
When you contemplate beginning.

## Criticism in a Nutshell.

MUCH sympathy will be felt for MR. KIPLING, who has been the victim of a very painful eulogy. In the correspondence evoked by *The Evening News* on the subject of *The Most Popular Novel*, appears this damning appreciation:—

"At school the most popular book among we boys (*sic*) was *Stalky & Co.*—WADHAM."

Never perhaps have the merits of this work been acclaimed with a more appalling candour.



*Short-sighted Golfer (having been signalled to come on by lady who has lost her ball). "THANKS VERY MUCH. AND WOULD YOU MIND DRIVING THAT SHEEP AWAY?"*

#### THE ELF-KING'S HUNTING.

Oh, the Elf-King went a-hunting (and I was there to see) :  
He rode a chestnut hunter and he sat him fair and free.  
His cap was ruby satin ; his coat was green and gold ;  
And his breeches they were red brocade, a wonder to behold ;  
And his merry eyes were gleaming, ever gleaming as he rode ;  
And he glittered and he glanced,  
As he caracolled and pranced,  
With a word of careless kindness to the hunter he bestrode.  
  
And his grooms came prancing after, and I saw the huntsman  
pass  
Very cheerfully and briskly as he rode across the grass.  
They were all as neat and tidy and as speckless as a pin,  
And the hounds came trotting gaily with the whips to whip  
them in.  
Then they paused before the laurel-hedge ; the huntsman  
laid them on,

All the merry little pack,  
While the whips were going crack

Round the laggards as they lingered, till the lot of them were  
gone.

So they feathered through the laurels, but they drew the  
laurels blank ;  
And they cantered round the cabbage-patch and straggled  
up the bank ;  
And the King he called the huntsman, and he said, "We'll  
try the roots :

It's not for drawing blank all night that I've put on my  
boots.  
We must find a mouse in no time, or you'll answer with your  
head."

And the huntsman said, "Ay, ay,  
We must try, Sir, we must try ;  
But you'll be no better off, Sir, for a quarry when I'm dead."

Then they took a strip of beetroot, and I saw them flash away,  
All the rout of little riders, but I thought it best to stay.  
And the horn was sounding fainter as it tooted here and there,  
And I trembled for the huntsman, though he spoke the King  
so fair.

But there came a sudden yelping all the beetroot leaves among,  
And I heard a tally-ho,  
And the music seemed to grow,  
And I knew that they had found there, for the pack were  
giving tongue.

Then they had it through the garden, through the Lovers'  
Walk and all,  
Through the orchard to the tool-shed, where the Elf-King had  
a fall.  
But he didn't mind a bit, not he ; he stumbled to his feet—  
With his satin cap all battered in he didn't look so neat—  
And they caught the royal chestnut, and they tightened up  
his girth,

And the King said, "Try again !"  
But the huntsman : "It's in vain !  
While your Majesty's been falling every mouse has gone  
to earth."

R. C. L.



## THE DIGNITY OF ART.

*Manager.* "WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?"

*Stage Manager.* "WHY, THAT BIG RESCUE SCENE WILL BE A PERFECT FARCE! HERE'S MISS BELJAMBE ABSOLUTELY REFUSING TO BE HAULED UP OUT OF THE DOCK BY THE STEAM DERRICK."

OUR STRENUOUS AUTHORS.  
(With acknowledgments to various writers of  
"literary para.")

As the result of a non-stop run from Cape Chelyuskin to Monte Carlo, Mr. FERNAND FUNNIKIN has just completed a short story of about 2,000 words. It will appear simultaneously in New York, London, Hammerfest, Yokohama, and Bournemouth.

Mr. PERCY POTT-BOILEAU, who makes a point of travelling 50,000 miles every year, is at present on the top of Popocatapetl, correcting the proofs of his new short story for *The Monthly Paralyser*.

It is stated on good authority that one of our younger novelists, who has in his time played the *rôles* of chimney-sweep, pirate, cinematograph-operator, bull-puncher, and steward of an L.C.C. steamboat, is about to visit Patagonia, Dawson City, and Peckham Rye, in order to obtain material for his autumn volume of 1907.

By a ludicrous printer's error we were made to do unintentional injustice to the literary gifts of the great romanticist, Mr. MAKYAR SITTUP, in our last issue. It was stated that he had travelled 1,600 miles in his motor-car, and had interviewed 217 provincial rate-collectors, before writing the first chapter of *The Ratepayers' Rebellion of 1911*. The figures should have been: 16,000 miles, 2,117 rate-collectors.

Mrs. BANBURY CROSSE, who is suffering from nervous prostration in consequence of seeing her forthcoming volume of poems—*Harmonies of Rest*—through the Press, will go five times round the world before essaying a new lyric.

There is an interesting paper in the current monthly issue of *The Three-Weekly Review*, entitled "Was LAMB Really Great?" The writer points out, with some cogency we think, that it is rather an ungracious task to attempt any estimate of the work of an author who was never a deck hand, never owned a

motor-car, and whose travels seldom took him further afield than Hertfordshire or Hampshire. Had he lived in this age of cheap travel he might have acquired a prose style of real merit. In the same paper the well-known deficiencies of Addison's style are attributed to the fact that he never visited Peru or the Tibetan highlands.

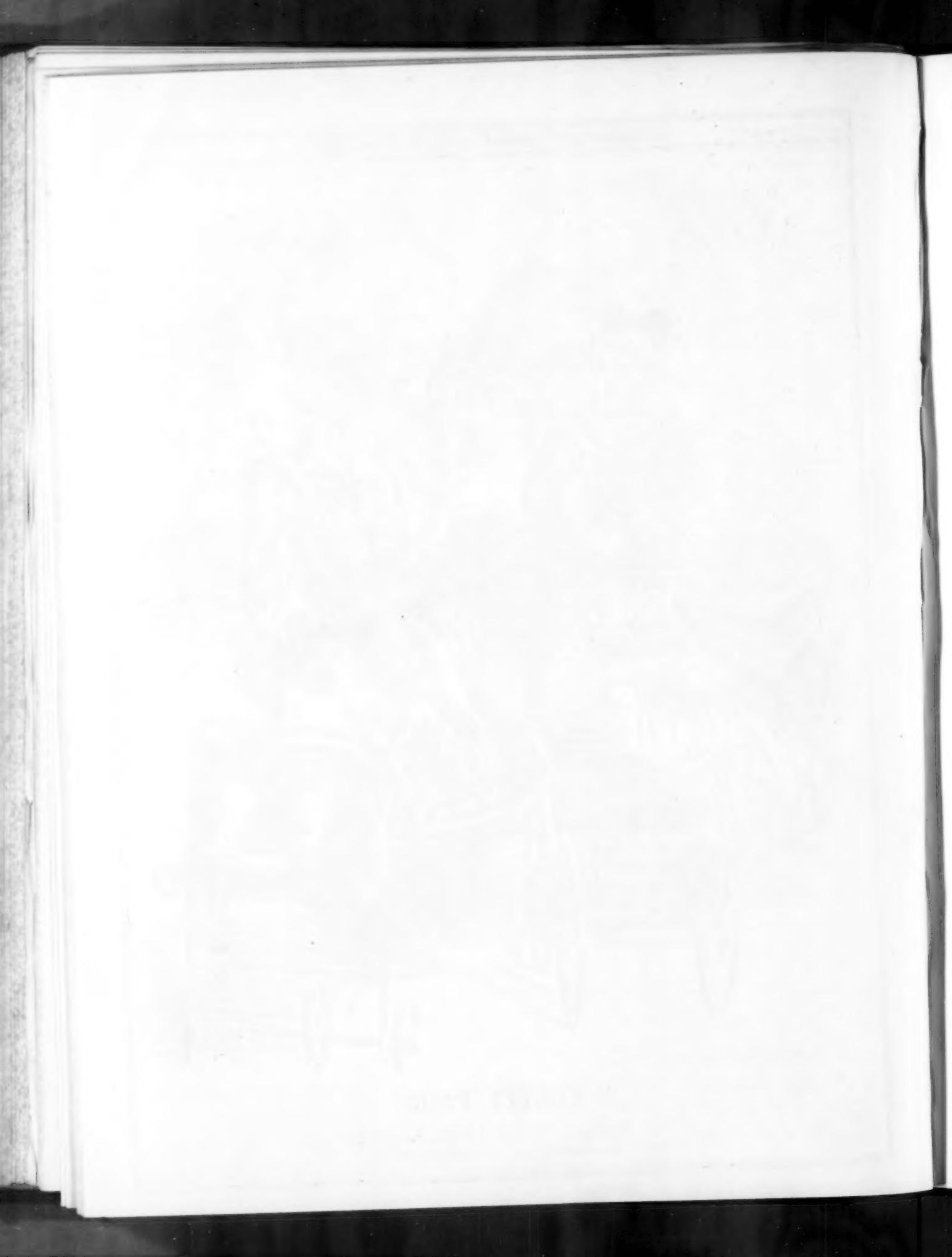
THE lady attendant on the Cornish Riviera Express has been confiding to a *Westminster Gazette* representative her methods of dealing with train-sickness. Besides physical remedies, such as smelling-salts and soda-water, she has medicine for the mind. "Often," she says, "a reference to the beautiful scenery has the desired effect; the mind just has to be switched off the subject and kept diverted, especially through the tunnels." We have particular pleasure in recommending this idea of scenic distraction to travellers on the Tube or the Metropolitan.



### A PRETTY PAIR.

NURSE EUROPA. "I'VE GOT A NICE HANDFUL!"

NURSE COLUMBIA. "WELL! LOOK AT MINE!!"



## THE HOLIDAY KIDS.

(Invited by Helen and Cecil.)

I.

Dad brought back the most ripping sketches from North Wales, for the bazaar.

But CECIL says it's jolly hard luck for Dad to have to pay for his paints, brushes, boards, and the hotel bill, and then have to give all his work to be bought in by Mother at ransom prices on the first day.

But Mother gets so frightfully keen on any bazaar that Lady MONTFORT worries her into. She always wants to break the record at her stall.

"It's so specially mean of you to grudge them for the Children's Holiday Fund, after you've had such a *delightful* time yourself!" Mother said to Dad. "Besides, it isn't as if I did not pay for them out of my own money!"

Then Dad laughed, and asked Mother if she knew what her overdraft at the bank was, and when she would like him to fill up her account.

"HAL, dear," she said, "I do wish I could induce you to talk more wisely before the children."

But it was while we were waiting at Chester that we saw two kids on a seat, with labels round their necks and bundles on their knees.

Mother made a rush, and *nearly* embraced them. Then she made Dad whip out his sketch-book, because she thought they would make such a *delicious* design for the front of the bazaar programme.

CECIL gave them the rest of the butterscotch packet. I'd eaten my share.

But afterwards, when Mother was gloating over Dad's sketch with Lady MONTFORT, CECIL said in his slow way:

"Why can't we have two live kids to our place at once, and give them a jolly time?"

"Oh, my dear boy!" said Mother.

"It's all very well," he went on severely, "to mess round with bazaars. We would prefer the real kids themselves! We could lend them to you for the bazaar—one shilling entrance to see them alive and jolly! Do, Mummy!"

When CECIL calls Mother "Mummy," and stretches his eyelids wide off his eyes, and twists his fingers about, Dad says she is always at his feet like a shot grouse.

But Lady MONTFORT nearly sickened me and CECIL when she cried out:

"Oh, Mrs. LISTER, what sweet precious children you do possess! How dear of him to think of such an idea! And you know it would be charming to have amongst us the real thing, as dear CECIL says. And who knows but what we might cut at the roots of some incipient Socialists!"



## AN ILL-TIMED ALLUSION.

*Ferryman (to gentleman, who is going out to meet his bride-elect just arrived from New Zealand).*  
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. WHY, CHEER UP! WE'LL SOON BE THERE! LOR' BLESS YE, SIR, I THINK I SEE 'ER NOW A-WAVIN' A ANKERCHIEF NO BIGGER NOR A SLICE O' BACON!"

"What is an 'incipient Socialist'?" asked CECIL.

"Oh, my dear child, how can I explain? A quite terrible being. Ask your father."

Well, anyhow, they sent for the kids. We insisted on having boys, and the Tweenie Groom took us to the station to meet them. They were awfully clean, and had their labels all right, but they seemed small somehow.

We watched them have their tea at the coachman's, and it was awfully hard to think of things to say at first. But CECIL knows about Manchester, and heasked the one with the broken nose and the stick-ing-out teeth whether he had ever been on a tram. He just winked, and said:

"When the blooming conductor's on top, you bet!"

Then we couldn't think of another thing to say.

It was better out-of-doors, and we found that the one with the broken nose was called CLINKER (he got his nose in a fair up-and-down fight, he told us). The other was called BRASSY. He has such a weird face—like a sick monkey. We thought he must have the hump about something.

As we dashed across the lawn towards the park, they both looked round like eagles.

"Lost something?" asked CECIL, politely.

"Park keeper on the snooze, eh?" asked CLINKER.

"Oh, we go where we like!" I said, gasping.

Then CLINKER winked such a smart little wink at BRASSY, and said:

"Clean forgot as we was toffs now!" "Can you jump?" asked CECIL, as we came to the seven-foot sunk fence.

"Have I ever been up a lamp-post with a bobby wearing out the pavement not ten yards off?"

Of all the things we showed them that night, they liked the wild rabbits best.

"What an awful waste of good eating!" said CLINKER at last. "Don't you keep no dogs?"

Then I whistled with two fingers, and *Bedlam* came scuttering up. His moustache was all thick with cold gravy.

"He ain't got a deal of blood in him," said BRASSY, scornfully. "There was no five-pound notes floating around when he was put up to auction, you bet." He really was the grumpiest boy.

That night, as we went in, the sun was all on one side of the old house, shining along the lawn into the copper beeches. CLINKER looked at the shine, and the phlox, and the clematis, and the roses and geraniums, and then he said:

"I say! Cheer up, matey! Same old sun there as pinks up the whitewash in our city mansion."

But BRASSY scowled round on us as if we had been motor-cars.

"This ain't no show to brag about!" Then he pulled at CECIL. "I say, youngster! How many *Evening Mails* could you get shot of in a place like this here?"

"You're a business man?" asked CECIL, with his Bench look.

"Who would float the Company if I wasn't, eh?"

"What's the Company?" "Oh, now you're asking, ain't you?" He wouldn't say another word.

After three days, though I adored

CLINKER, I told CECIL that BRASSY was an ungrateful young cub, and that I wasn't going to bother with him any more. But that very afternoon we were sitting against a hay-stack, looking miles and miles over the country into the sky.

"It's a long sight better in Manchester than here, anyhow!" snarled BRASSY.

Then CECIL turned on him.

"I say, you ain't an 'incipient Socialist' by any chance, are you?"

"What's that, when it's at home?"

"I asked the gardener, and he said it meant a bear with a sore head," I broke in.

I was quite scared at the way he turned on us.

"Then I'll ask you one. Why did you go writing to say as there was no females admitted here, eh? Come out with it! What have you against our POLLY?"

"POLLY?"

"You've no call to say her name like that! She has prettier hair and bluer eyes nor her!" and he pointed his thumb at me. "It's not her fault as she fell off the back of the tram! It's not her fault as she can't dance no more because of her inside! It's not her fault as her cheeks is gone as white as -as tripe! It's not her fault as she was born a female!"

"But tell me," said CECIL quietly; "who is POLLY?"

"The Company, of course! Look here, young 'un!"

He suddenly jumped up and stretched out his arms right into the view.

"What's the good of all this here blooming show when POLLY can't see it?"

Then CECIL got up slowly and put out his hand.

"I say, old chap, I'm sorry. Come along and tell Mother about POLLY."

\* \* \* \* \*  
I'll finish this next week.—HELEN.

#### A Prehistoric Peep

"Old Students and Scotsmen in general take a natural pride and interest in the four hundredth centenary of Aberdeen University."—*Daily Dispatch*.



DESIGN FOR A STATUE OF JOHN BULL'S OTHER PLAYWRIGHT."

AFTER CERTAIN HINTS BY "G.B.S."

Dad had had sports with us, and BRASSY had won five shillings for the obstacle race.

"You're a mighty chap at running and dodging!" said CECIL, as he watched BRASSY counting the money over.

"You learn to dodge and toddle in Manchester, you bet!" laughed CLINKER. "There ain't no time to hang up there, with a job at one end and the traffic roaring after you, and an empty stomach prodding at you to buck up!"

**THE NEW ARCHAEOLOGISTS;**  
OR, THE GENTLE ART OF SELF-ADVERTISEMENT.

(*Vide* correspondence on "The Oldest Room in the World" in *The Daily Mail*.

Sir.—Some time ago I was staying in a friend's house, the major portion of which was built by King Alfred the Great. In my bedroom the Venerable Bede conducted his orisons, and it was in the same apartment—measuring only 12 ft. by 8 ft.—that King Canute was prostrated by the first epidemic of influenza that ever decimated these islands. The buttery hatch was erected by Ethelred the Unready; the beautiful rococo dado in the drawing-room was put up by Anselm; while in the splendid study, with its massive pre-Mycenean mullions, some of the most impressive symposia in the annals of England have been held; and when the moonbeams stretch themselves athwart the ancient staircases and corridors there can be seen flitting restlessly to and fro—I myself interviewed her the other night—the winsome wraith of sweet Anne Boleyn who, with bluff King Hal, spent the early days of her *lune de miel* beneath this storied roof.

But there are, I fancy, rooms in England more ancient than these romantic apartments in the massive castle of W—, wherein for more than 800 years the household fires have been daily lit, and wherein to this day men live and pray and ply the busy quill.

Faithfully yours,  
ROLAND BLATHERSKITE.

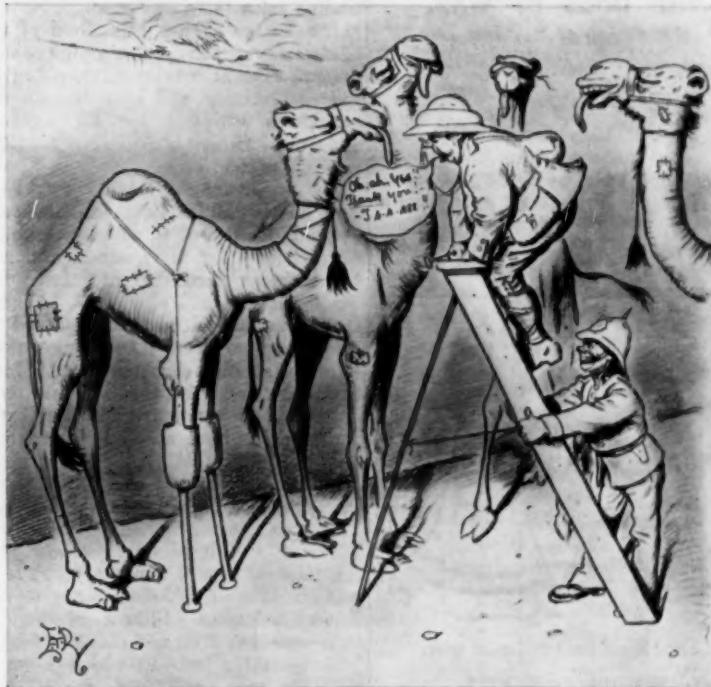
Sir.—Some time ago I was staying in a titled friend's house where I had the privilege of drinking some port which was taken from the hold of one of the great galleons of the Spanish Armada. It was almost colourless, except for an unusually large quantity of beeswing, and the taste was most peculiar, but as the butler assured me afterwards that it was only brought out on special occasions and for exceptionally favoured guests I fully appreciated the delicate compliment involved.

But there must be, I fancy, port in England even of a more remote antiquity than that stored in the sumptuous cellars of the Duke of R—, under whose hospitable roof for more than 800 years the *élite* of rank, fashion and intellect have been entertained by a continuous succession of high-souled as well as princely hosts.

Yours faithfully,  
T. HUNTER-TUFT.

DEAR SIR.—Can some of your readers tell me which is the oldest fowl in the world?

I am prompted to put this query by a recent experience while lunching at the house of a friend, when the *menu*



**THE INDIAN VET. GOES HIS MORNING ROUNDS.**

"Lord KITCHENER is revising the present Army Veterinary System, one result of which has been that veterinary doctors, whose experience has been limited to horses, have frequently been placed in charge of a couple of thousand camels."—*Reuter*.

included some curried chicken of such extraordinary closeness of grain that my hostess, though endowed with a splendid *suite* of teeth, was obliged to abandon her heroic efforts to finish her helping. Her eldest son, a bright young Oxford undergraduate, humorously suggested that the chicken must have been hatched in the Ark. This, of course, was an exaggeration; but the fowl, to judge by the stringiness of its fibres, must certainly have attained to a good old age.

But there are, I fancy, hens in England even more ancient than those which disport themselves in the splendidly equipped poultry-yard of the episcopal palace of D—, wherein for more than 800 years simple laymen like myself have been entertained by the great princes of the Church.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,  
PAUL PRIOR.

Sir.—Can any of your myriad subscribers tell me which is the oldest riddle in the world?

While I was recently staying with a friend who is the owner of one of the stateliest homes in England, a fellow-guest, who had not previously taken much part in the conversation, suddenly availed himself of a pause in the conversation at dinner to ask, "Why is a

hammer painted yellow like a bird?" On pondering the matter over, it occurred to me that here in form, if not in the exact words, one had a perfect example of the primitive palaeontological conundrum—the *Urräthsel*, as the Germans would doubtless call it.

But there may be, I readily admit, riddles even more antique than this which convulsed an unusually representative house-party in the banqueting hall of a baronial mansion, standing in a ring-fence of 2000 acres in the garden of England, whose owner's rent-roll runs into six figures, and who numbers amongst his intimates the highest in the hierarchy of intellect as well as in the inner circles of Mayfair.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
R. D'OVLY BATHER.

A correspondent points out that the author of an article recently appearing in *Punch* was hasty in his judgment when he said that he could find no flashes of wit in the work of *Bradshaw*. What of this explanatory note culled from his page?—"The term cab fare means a two-wheeled vehicle, constructed to carry not more than two persons. The wheeled vehicle constructed to carry four persons is 1s. a mile."

## THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

X.

## MY PEOPLE.

I, no less than the Captain, had to perform parlour tricks for my food. It was hard on a warrior to be forced thus to bemean himself; still, as the



I cured her of her love for the trick.

Captain said, this is a world of compromise. My mistress even made me salute, with an absurd three-cornered paper cap on my head. The only redeeming feature of this tomfoolery was the slight military touch about it. She tried, too, to make me "shake hands" whenever I entered the room in the morning. I did this at first when it meant a lump of sugar, but when she dropped giving me the sugar, I cured her of her love for the trick. It was one of the Captain's smart ideas. I would go out into the road before my mistress came down to breakfast, get my feet thoroughly dirty, and, when she said "Shake," she would find a damp, muddy paw in her hand. Another of her tricks was to plant a biscuit on my nose, and refuse to let me eat it until she gave me permission. Sometimes she would keep me like this for several minutes; and I often wondered what would become of my *prestige* if a member of the Club were suddenly to come in. Sometimes, for a lark, my mistress would press her fingers on my nose for a second, and make me believe a biscuit was there, and at the words, "Now you may have it!" I would throw up my nose; but of course nothing would come off. The first time my mistress did this, I remember, I growled at her when I discovered the deception. I also remember that the next moment I was so ashamed of myself that I went under the table of my own accord. After that I always humoured her, and made her think that I believed that

there really was a biscuit there, even when I knew there was none.

For I have always been fond of my mistress, even though her opinions and mine as to what constituted over-feeding did not coincide, and even though she sometimes whipped me for fighting other dogs without considering what the provocation had been.

My master, for all I know, may have been an admirable citizen, son, husband, and all the rest of it, and he certainly worked hard for my mistress and me, but he never succeeded in gaining my affections. He had silly ways. For instance, he had a cowardly method of punishing me when I had done wrong—or, I should say, displeased him. He would say, "Ah, that's a pity now, old man. If you had not done that I was going to have allowed you to walk about on the table this evening when dinner was laid, and you would have been permitted to take anything you liked," and so on. I half believe it was not true; still it might have been, and the thought would madden me. If it was an attempt at being funny it was in very bad taste. I like a joke as well as anyone, but I do not consider food a fit subject for jest—in which I fancy all dogs will agree with me. And I shall not forget in a hurry the silly fuss he made when I stole the duck's skeleton. When I appeared in the hall the next morning ready for a walk he declared that he could not go out with a thief—that he should not care to be seen in my company—that everyone would point their fingers at him as being the friend and associate of bad characters, &c., &c., until finally I turned round and went back to the kitchen, for his meanness over a piece of dirty duck fairly disgusted me, and I decided that I should not care to be seen out with him.

By-the-by, at times I would have fun with him. I would start for a walk with my mistress and him, and if my mistress was carrying the whip I would, when we had gone some way, leave them. Then, as my mistress still had the

whip, but there was no dog with her, everyone must have imagined that she was carrying the whip because her husband was liable to be troublesome.

I have even known my master stand between a cat and a dog. There was a yellow beast named Tabby Oehre who lived near us, and one day, when The

Torpedo had almost done for her, my master coolly interfered, and The Torpedo lost the chance of a lifetime. This cat, who was a well-known sprinter, had for long merited extermination for a treacherous attack on the Captain. One day the Captain found her just about to tackle a saucer of milk. "Let's share it," said the Captain, who, when he wished, could fascinate anyone or anything. Tabby Oehre consented, and the Captain actually persuaded her to let him have first go-in. Now the Captain was never one to lose an opportunity, and before Tabby Oehre realised what was happening the Captain had wolfed the lot. Tabby Oehre was furious and demanded an explanation. "It's all right," said the Captain; "I've left you the saucer as your share"—which was witty; but show me the cat who can take a joke; and the Captain was an awful sight when Tabby Oehre had done with him. She was promptly placed on our execution list, but she escaped again and again owing to her fleetness of foot.

Still, no one, I suppose, is all bad, and I once had occasion to admire even my master. One afternoon when I was out for a walk by myself I was, to my huge surprise, suddenly arrested by a constable and dragged to a police-station. My master—it was smart of him to smell where I was so quickly—appeared in the evening and demanded the reason of my arrest. "He was wandering about not under control," said the smooth-tongued officer. This, of course, was a lie. It is true that I almost lost control of myself upon hearing this mis-statement, but at the time of my arrest I had



"Let's share it," said the Captain.

myself under perfect control. To my master's credit he defended me with some heat, declaring that I could find my way about anywhere, and the upshot of it was that we left the police-station together better friends than we had been for some time, and the lying constable looked pretty small.

## GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN.

(By a Caddie.)

VI.

'ONNESTY is the best pollicy, and, 'Evin knows, 'ENERY WILKS 'as allus tried 'is levil best to live up to them golden words. But I reckon there is certain excepshuns to the cast-iron 'onnesty of all of us, and every yumin being 'as 'is little weakness. Mine is

'E took the 'onner, and for about three minnutes 'e addressed the ball wiv 'is 'uge, thick, ugly driver, which 'as allus rarsed my perfessional hindgashun. 'E swung at last, quite slow like, but wiv all 'is great weight and strength piled into it. I shall never know eggsackly what 'e did, becos the tees was dry and for the moment I was 'arf blinded by the dust. But there was a thud and a crackling snap, and two things was flying through the thick

niblick, and nuthing wouldn't perswade 'im to put it back. 'E drove wiv that niblick, and 'e played 'is many shots through the green wiv it. And the way that thick strong niblick eat into the turf was enuff to brake the 'art of 'ENERY WILKS. We moved slowly forward, leaving be'ind us a line of crewel deep kassims, which nuthink wouldn't fill up. And 'is stile of bunker play was equilly distructuve.

'Is noshun of getting out was to distroy the wall of the bunker wiv reppeted blows, and then to force 'is ball throo the rewings. I wouldn't ave belieeved that meer wood and iron could 'ave done the work that that one German niblick did wivout turning an 'air.

'E only smiled 'is slow smile when Mister BRELLITT or me self venchured a remmonstrance, and 'e would never pick up 'is ball. 'E persevered wiv each 'ole until at last 'e 'ad pushed the ball into the tin, and then 'e would turn and pat my 'ead wiv 'is large 'and. After the fust time I jenerally dodged, and once 'e turned and patted Mister BRELLITT's 'ead by accident. Like most litterry jents, the latter is rather touchy, and there was neerly trubblle; but some'ow, thanks to Mister SCHWABSTEIN's apparent onconsiousness of offense, it was everted.

At the thirteenth 'ole Mister BRELLITT was five up. Mister SCHWABSTEIN put down a new ball, wiv a sort of groan, and pulled it wiv 'is niblick right rarnd into the rough. For a long two minnutes we 'unted 'igh and low, but nowhere could we find that ball. If I'd seen it I would 'ave 'anded it over at once, sich being my boundin dooty. But I never did see it. There was jest one little place in that rough where some'ow it didn't seem worth while. We 'ad to erbandon it at last; and Mister SCHWABSTEIN lost the 'ole and the match.

Later in the day I wandered down or a sort of ferlon'ope to that bit of rough, and curiously enuff I walked bang on to that ball. There was severil courses open to me. I might 'ave 'anded it over to the orthorities, or I might 'ave kep' it as a memmemento of Mister SCHWABSTEIN's unfailing jeneosity and kortesy. But 'ENERY WILKS didn't see 'is way to doing either of them two things. 'E jest disposed of that fine new ball to the very best hadvantage.



*Ethel (her first sight of the Thames). "OH, MUMMY, ISN'T THE WATER DIRTY! DON'T THEY EVER CHANGE IT?"*

'E's a man what catches the eye on the links, it being 'is constant and hanning abbit to were a peaked yotting cap, large specks, and a white silk coat which was once a good deal whiter. An eggselfent sort of person, I dessay, in the 'ome sircle, but 'ardly what you'd call a brillenty success upon the links. They say as 'ow 'e 'as more munney than 'e ritely knows what to do wiv, but I fancy 'e 's made it by never giving any of it away. 'Owever, 'ENERY WILKS 'as done 'is best to put that rite.

Let me diskriske to you a rarnd which 'e played the uther day wiv Mister ERMINIUS BRELLITT, our litterry member, 'oo allus seems to go out of 'is way to play wiv kurious peopple. I 'ave taken Mister SCHWABSTEIN in charge before, but never 'ave I seen 'is pecooliarities so noticeabul as on that day.

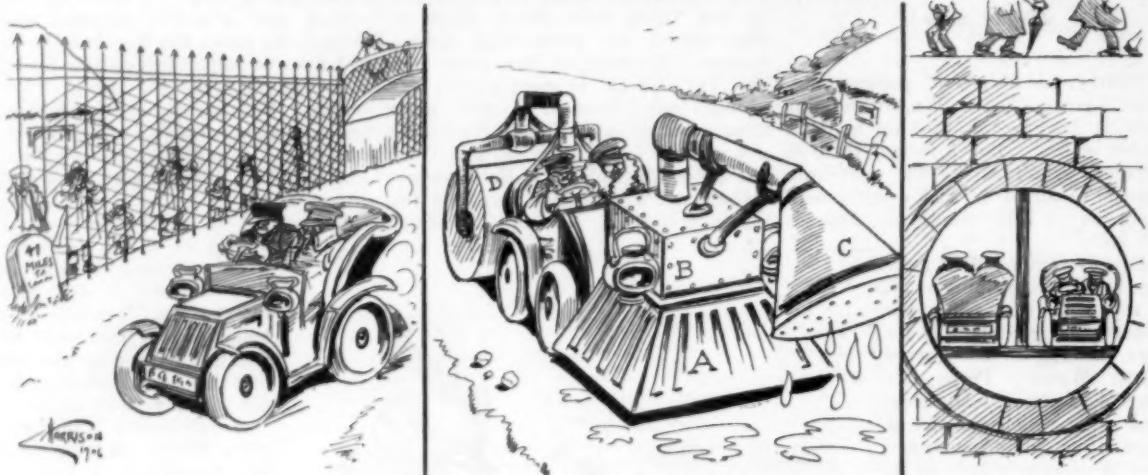
dusty air. Them two missils was the ball and the 'ead of the driver, and they fell togever thirty yards from the tee. 'E said somethink which I couldn't catch and didn't want to, and walked rarnd in a slow sircle, smiling to 'issel. 'E's a man 'oo allus smiles. It often seems to me that it is 'is misforchune.

Then Mister BRELLITT took one of 'is yusual springing drives, which 'appened to come off, and 'e won that fust 'ole on 'is 'ead. Mister SCHWABSTEIN kontrived to redooce 'is brassey to fragmints at the second 'ole; and after that 'e took out 'is

looking.

and Mister SCHWABSTEIN lost the 'ole and the match.

## MORE SOLUTIONS OF THE GREAT MOTOR PROBLEM.



SOLUTION No. 2.—A. Man-and-beast catcher. B. Tank for dust-laying liquid. C. Sprinkler for same. D. Roller for correcting displacement of surface.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WITH every new public-school story that is written every reviewer gives his new reason why it is impossible to write a successful public-school story. Perhaps, then, I may mark the appearance of *The Etonian* (F. V. WHITE) by advancing yet another theory. I see that *The Etonian* has been condemned as having nothing of the "Eton spirit," although it is full of the right Eton customs and language. Now, if there is one thing the public-school spirit ensures it is this: that the possessor of it will not talk about the public-school spirit. Not only is it impossible to express the public-school spirit, but it is also impossible to want to try to express it. In fact, a book "embued with the true Eton spirit" would be as offensive to an Etonian as a problem-novel "dealing with a delicate sex question" must be to a refined and sensitive woman. *The Etonian* is written by ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW; and of course I cannot say how they arranged it. But if I had been taking part in such a collaboration over such a book I should have said frankly to the woman: "Now, look here; *Basil* doesn't get to Eton till page 133. You have got 132 pages in which to amuse yourself. Also, he goes home for the holidays now and then, and of course you may come in there. And when his father comes to see him you may put in the fatherly advice part, and any hints about his underclothes. And . . . well—yes, I don't mind your doing the partings, and the feelings of the father as he travels back in his lonely carriage. But while *Basil* is at Eton, he's mine—body and soul—and don't you dare to come near." And really, you know, I think something of this sort must have happened; for when it is not dramatic or melodramatic *The Etonian* is quite good.

*The Wickhamses* (METHUEN) is a story of efforts after high life on a level far below the stairs on which Society loafers. Mr. PETT RINGE finds his men and women in the lower middle-class stratum which CHARLES DICKENS revealed and revelled in. Here and there, alike in character and in incident, there is reminiscence of the Master's work. That was probably inevitable. But Mr. PETT RINGE is quite strong enough to stand and work by himself. The best character in a domestic drama instinct with bustling life is the father

of the *Wickhamses*, who, leaving his village home, comes to London, presents himself to an indifferent population as "S. Wickhams, the popular printer," and after a long struggle passes through the Bankruptcy Court back to the country village. The story, bubbling with humour, here and there touched with pathos, presents a vivid picture of the daily life of a class which forms the largest proportion of the population of London.

*The Fisherman's Gal* (BLACKWOOD) is a story of barge and boat life on the Thames estuary. Mr. JACOBS, as we know, has marked this world for his own. Mr. EDWARD NOBLE makes no effort to rival him. He takes a course and finds anchorage all his own. Mr. Jacobs discovers luscious farce in his barge captains and crews. Mr. NOBLE's muse is tragic. Murder, abduction and domestic misery are his themes. The scene on the sands near the mouth of the estuary, where in the dead of the night the captain and mate of the *Redgauntlet* fight out their quarrel, is almost terrible in its wrath. Throughout the book are scattered many lurid pictures of the river, generally in stormy weather. Mr. NOBLE is so intense as to be occasionally obscure in his narrative. He sometimes forgets the injunction delivered from the theatre gallery by an anonymous but historic critic. He is not careful to "jine his flats." All the same it is a powerful story, illuminated by marvellous word-pictures of the Thames as it is known only to those who, by its broadening highway, go down to the sea in barges.

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